

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by action direct.—GRAY.

## THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

BY PRATT.

A FAVOURITE dog, belonging to an English nobleman, had fallen into disgrace, from an incorrigible habit of annoying the flocks of the neighbouring farmers. One of these having, in vain, driven the predator from his premises, came at length to the offender's master, with a dead lamb under his arm, the victim of the last night's plunder. The nobleman being extremely angry at the dog's transgression, rang the bell for his servant, and, ordered him to be immediately hanged, or some other way disposed of, so that, on his return from a journey he was about to undertake, he might never see him again. He then left the apartment, and the fate of the dog was for a few hours suspended. The interval, though short, was not thrown away. The condemned animal was sufficiently an adept in the tones of his master's voice, to believe there was any hope left for a reversion of his sentence. He therefore adopted the only alternative between life and death, by making his escape. In the course of the evening, while the same servant was waiting at table, his lordship demanded if his order had been obeyed respecting the dog. "After an hour's search, he is no where to be found, my lord," replied the servant. The rest of the domestics were questioned, and their answers similar. The general conclusion for some days was, that the dog, conscious of being in disgrace, had hid himself in the house of a tenant, or some other person who knew him. A month, however, passed without any thing being heard respecting him; it was therefore thought he had fallen into the hands of his late accuser, the farmer, and hanged for his transgressions.

About a year after, while his lordship was journeying into Scotland, attended only by one servant, a severe storm drove him to shelter under a hovel belonging to a public house, situated at some distance from the road, upon a heath. The tempest continuing, threatening rather to increase than abate, the night coming on, and no house suitable to the accommodation of such a guest, his lordship was at length induced to dismount, and go into the little inn adjoining the shed. On his entrance, an air of surprise and consternation marked the features and conduct of both the innholder and his wife. Confused and incoherent answers were made to common questions; and soon after, a whispering took place between the two forementioned persons. At length, however, the guest was shown into a small parlour, a faggot was thrown on the fire, and such refreshments as the house afforded, were preparing, there being no appearance whatever of more favourable weather allowing them to depart.

As the servant maid was spreading the cloth, a visible tremor shook her frame, so that it was not without difficulty she performed her office. His lordship noticed a certain strangeness of the whole

group, but remembering to have heard his servant mention the words, "my lord," as he alighted from his horse, he naturally imputed this to their having unexpectedly a guest in their house above the rank of those whom they were accustomed to entertain. The awkwardness of intended respect in such cases, and from such persons, will often produce these embarrassments. His lordship having now made up his mind to remain that night, supper was served; when a most unexpected visitor made his appearance.—"Good heavens!" exclaimed his lordship, "is it possible I should find my poor dog alive, and in this place?—How wonderful!—how welcome!"—He stretched out his hand to caress his long lost favourite; but the dog, after looking earnestly at his ancient master, shrank from him, and kept aloof, and took the first opportunity of the door being opened to leave the room; but still took his station on the other side of the door, as if watching some expected event.

Of the dog's history, from the time of his elopement, little more resulted from inquiry, than that he had one day followed some drovers who came to refresh themselves and their cattle: and that, appearing to be foot-sore with travel, and unable to proceed with his companions, he staid in the house, and had remained there ever since. This account was obtained from the hostler, who added, he was as harmless a creature as any betwixt Scotland and Ireland.—His lordship, intending to rise early in the morning, to make up the time thus sacrificed to the night, which was still stormy, ordered the servant to show him to his chamber. As he passed the common room which communicated with the parlour, he noticed the innkeeper and his wife in earnest discourse with three men, muffled up in horseman's coats, who seemed to have just come from buffeting the tempest, and not a little anxious to counteract its effects; for both the landlord and his wife were filling their glasses with spirits. His lordship, on going to his chamber, after the maid and his own servant, heard a fierce growl, as from the top of the stairs.

"Here is the dog again, my lord," exclaimed the servant.—"He is often cross and churlish to strangers," observed the maid, "yet he never bites." As they came nearer the door, his growl increased to a furious bark; but upon the maid's speaking to him sharply, he suffered her to enter the chamber, and the servant stepped back to hold the light to his lord. On his old master's advancing towards the chamber, the dog drew back, and stood with a determined air of opposition, as if to guard the entrance. His lordship then called the dog by his name, and on repeating some terms of fondness, which, in past times, he had familiarly been accustomed to, he licked the hand from whose endearments he had so long been estranged.

But he still held firm to his purpose, and endeavoured to oppose his master's passing to the chamber. Yet the servant was suffered, without further disputing the point, to go out; not, however, without another growl, though one rather of anger than resistance, and which accompanied her with increased fierceness all the way down stairs, which she descended with the same strange kind of hurry and confusion that had marked her beha-

vour ever since his lordship's arrival. His lordship was prevented from dwelling long on this circumstance, by an attention to the dog, who, without being solicited farther, went a few paces from the threshold of the door, at which he kept guard; and after caressing his lordship, and using every gentle art of affectionate persuasion, (speech alone left out) went down one of the stairs, as if to persuade his master to accompany him. His lordship had his foot upon the threshold, when the dog caught the skirt of his coat between his teeth, and tugged it with great violence, yet with every token of love and terror; for he now appeared to partake of the general confusion of the family. The poor animal again renewed his fondling, rubbed his face softly along his master's side, sought the patting hand, raised his soliciting feet, and during these endearing ways he whined and trembled to a degree, that could not escape the attention both of the master and the servant.

"I should suspect," said his lordship, "were I apt to credit omens, from a connexion betwixt the deportment of the people of this inn, and the unaccountable solicitude of the dog, that there is something wrong about this house."—"I have long been of the same opinion," observed the servant, "and wish, your honour, we had been wet to the skin in proceeding, rather than to have stopped here."

"It is too late to talk of wishes," rejoined his lordship, "neither can we set off now, were I disposed; for the hurricane is more furious than ever. Let us, therefore, make the best of it. In what part of the house do you sleep?" "Close at the head of your lordship's bed," answered the domestic, "in a little closet, slipside of a room by the stairs—there, my lord," added the servant, pointing to a small door on the right.

"Then go to bed—we are not wholly without means of defence, you know; and whichever of us shall be first alarmed, may apprise the other. At the same time, all this may be nothing more than the work of our own fancies."

The anxiety of the dog, during this conversation, cannot be expressed. On the servant's leaving the room, the dog ran hastily to the door, as if in hopes his lordship would follow; and looked as if to entice him so to do. Upon his lordship's advancing a few steps, the vigilant creature leaped up with every sign of satisfaction; but when he found those steps were directed only to close the door, his dejection was depicted in a manner no less lively than had been his joy.

It was scarcely possible not to be impressed by these unaccountable circumstances, yet his lordship was almost ashamed of yielding to them; and finding all quiet, both above and below, except the noise of the wind and rain, and finding that no caresses could draw the dog from the part of the room he had chosen, his lordship made a bed for the poor fellow with one of the mats, and then sought repose himself. Neither the dog, however, nor the master, could rest. The former rose often, and paced about the room: sometimes he came close to the bed-curtains, and sometimes whined pitifully, although the hand of reconciliation was put forth to soothe him. In the course of an hour after this, his lordship, wearied with conjecture, fell asleep; but he was soon aroused by his four-footed friend,

whom he heard scratching violently at the closet-door; an action which was accompanied by the gnashing of the dog's teeth, intermixed with the most furious growlings. His lordship, who had laid himself down in his clothes, and literally resting on his arms—his brace of pistols being under his pillow—now sprung from the bed. The rain had ceased, and the wind abated, from which circumstances he hoped to hear better what was passing. But nothing, for an instant, appeased the rage of the dog, who finding his paws unable to force a passage into the closet, put his teeth to a small aperture at the bottom, and attempted to gnaw away the obstruction. There could be no longer a doubt that the cause of the mischief, or danger, whatsoever it might be, lay in that closet. Yet there appeared some risk in opening it; more particularly when, on trying to force the lock, it was found to be secured by some fastening on the inside. A knocking was now heard at the chamber door, through the key-hole of which, a voice exclaimed—"For God's sake, my lord, let me in." His lordship, knowing this to proceed from his servant, advanced armed, and admitted him. "All seems quiet, my lord, below stairs and above," said the man, "for I have never closed my eyes. For heaven's sake! what can be the matter with the dog, to occasion such a dismal barking?" "That I am resolved to know," answered his lordship, furiously pushing the closet door. No sooner was it burst open, than the dog, with inconceivable rapidity, rushed in, and was followed both by the master and man. The candle had gone out in the bustle, and the extreme darkness of the night prevented them from seeing any object whatever. But a hustling sort of noise was heard at the farther end of the closet. His lordship then fired one of his pistols at random, by way of alarm. A piercing cry, ending in a loud groan, immediately came from the dog.—"Great God!" exclaimed his lordship. "I have surely destroyed my defender." He ran out for a light, and snatched a candle from the innholder, who came in apparent consternation, as to inquire into the alarm of the family. Others of the house now entered the room; but without paying attention to their questions, his lordship ran towards the closet to look for his dog. "The door is open!—the door is open!"—ejaculated the publican; "then all is over!" As his lordship was re-entering the closet, he was met by his servant, who, with every mark of almost speechless consternation in his voice and countenance, exclaimed, "Oh, my lord! I have seen such shocking sights!"—and, without being able to finish his sentence, he sunk on the floor. Before his master could explore the cause of this, or succeed in raising up his fallen domestic, the poor dog came limping from the closet, while a blood-track marked his path. He gained, with great difficulty, the place where his lordship stood aghast, and fell at his master's feet. Every demonstration of grief ensued; but the dog, unmindful of his wounds, kept his eyes still intent upon the closet door; and denoted that the whole of the mystery was not yet developed.

Seizing the other pistol from the servant, who had fallen into a swoon, his lordship now re-entered the closet. The wounded dog crawled after him; when,

on examining every part, he perceived, in one corner, an opening into the inn-yard, by a kind of trap door, to which some broken steps descended. The dog seated himself on the steps; but there was nothing to be seen but a common sack. Nor was any thing visible upon the floor, except some drops of blood, part of which were evidently those which had issued from the wound of the dog himself, and part must have been of long standing, as they were dried into the boards. His lordship went back into the bed-chamber, but the dog remained in the closet. On his return the dog met him, breathing hard, as if from violent exercise, and he followed his master into the chamber.

The state of the man-servant, upon whom fear had operated so as to continue him in a succession of swoons, now claimed his lordship's affections, and while those were administered, the dog again left the chamber. A short time after this, he was heard to bark aloud, then cry, accompanied by a noise, as if something heavy was drawn along the floor. On going once more into the closet, his lordship found the dog trying to bring forward the sack which had been seen lying on the steps near the trap door. The animal renewed his exertions at the sight of his master; but, again exhausted both by labour and loss of blood, he rested his head and his feet on the mouth of the sack.

Excited by this new mystery, his lordship now assisted the poor dog in his labour, and, though that labour was not light, curiosity, and the apprehension of discovering something extraordinary, on the part of his lordship, and unabating perseverance on that of the dog, to accomplish his purpose, gave them strength to bring at length the sack from the closet to the chamber. The servant was somewhat restored to himself, as the sack was dragged into the room, but every person, who in the beginning of the alarm had rushed into the apartment, had now disappeared.

The opening of the sack surpassed all that human language can convey of human horror.

As his lordship loosened the cord which fastened the sack's mouth, the dog fixed his eyes on it, stood over it with wild and trembling eagerness, as if ready to seize and devour the contents.

The contents appeared, and the extreme of horror was displayed. A human body, as if murdered in bed, being covered only with a bloody shirt, and that clotted, and still damp, as if recently shed; the head severed from the shoulders, and the other members mangled and separated, so as to make the trunk and extremities lie in the sack, was now exposed to view.

The dog snelt the blood, and after surveying the corpse, looked piteously at his master, and licked his hand, as if grateful the mysterious murder was discovered.

It was proved, that a traveller had really been murdered two nights before his lordship's arrival at that haunt of infamy; and that the offence was committed in the very chamber, and probably in the very bed, wherein his lordship had slept; and which, but for the warnings of his faithful friend, must have been fatal to himself.

The maid-servant was an accomplice in the guilt; and the ruffian travellers, who were confederating with the inn-holder and his wife, were the murderers of the bloody remains that had been just emptied from the sack, whose intent it was to have buried them that night in a pit, which their guilty hands had dug in an adjacent field belonging to the inn-holder; whose intention it likewise was to have murdered the nobleman, which was providentially prevented by the wonderful sagacity of the dog. The inn-keeper and his wife were taken up, and punished according to their deserts; and the nobleman was so affected at his miraculous escape, that he

bound up the wounds of the faithful dog with the greatest care, and the balms of love and friendship were infused. The master's hour of contrition was now come: he was sorry he had ever neglected so invaluable a friend; and, as the only peace-offering in his power, departed with his faithful companion from the house of blood, to that mansion he had formerly left in disgrace; where the caresses of a grateful family, and an uninterrupted state of tranquillity, meliorated with every indulgence they could bestow, was regularly continued as long as he lived.

### DAVID DIP;

#### THE PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY.

I began life in the humble capacity of a very respectable tallow-chandler, in Whitechapel, London, and carried on, for some time, a very snug trade. Besides families and chance customers, I furnished two hospitals with candles, and frequently had the honour to throw light on the many subjects of political speculation, which were agitated in a neighbouring public-house. Things went on then, sir, exactly as they should do. My profits, if not great, were certain; and upon the word of a tallow-chandler, I declare they were honest, for I made it a rule to stick to the trade price, and never refused, at Christmas, to give my customers' maids a few rushlights, in order to show them how to play at *whisk* like their masters. As to politics, I went not a jot farther than the Daily Advertiser enjoined me; and, like a good subject, I had a heartfelt satisfaction in the victories of my country, especially when they were so great as to require the aid of my trade to give them an additional brilliancy. My wife assisted me in my business, as a wife ought; and if any business called me from home, there was she behind the counter, and as attentive as myself. I kept one maid-servant, and a boy to carry parcels. My two children had got such schooling as was thought proper for their expectations. I intended my son to succeed me in business; and, as for my daughter, she would have made an excellent house-wife, which is all, in my humble opinion, that tradesmen's daughters ought to be. I paid all parish rates with pleasure, and served parish offices so honestly, that I do not think I ate more than two children in all my time, which is saying a great deal. As to amusements, we never desired the expensive ones. Now and then, in very fine weather, I would treat my family to Sadler's Wells, or *Barnaby Spa*, but as to trips by sea, we never went farther than Gravesend, and carrying our own provisions with us, and coming back by the next tide, you must allow all this was very moderate.

In this happy state things went on for some years. All was sun-shine and broad daylight; ay, and good broad humour at night with us. But happiness will have an end. There are many ups and downs in life. The devil is never tired of the many pranks he plays us poor honest folks. It happened one day, sir, that my wife received a hand-bill about the lottery, wrapt round an ounce of green tea, which we had bought to treat the curate of our parish with. What there was in this wicked bill, I do not now remember, but the woman would not rest until she had bought a ticket, or a share of one. I had not been used to contradict her, and perhaps the devil might enter into me at the same time, for I believe he generally prefers a whole family when he can get them. The ticket was bought, and I had been happy if it had proved a blank; but in a few days it was pronounced a hundred pound prize. A second ticket followed of course, and a third; and before the lottery had done drawing, I was master of five thousand pounds sterling money. This was a sum of which there is no men-

tion in the records of our family for several generations; I seemed, indeed, born a great man without the help of ancestors.

But, alas! this was the beginning of sorrows and evils. My wife now declared war against all business, industry, and frugality; and, as it was by her advice I bought the ticket, she took the whole merit of our success out of the hands of dame Fortune, and insisted that we should lay out our money like people of fashion. People of fashion! these were her very words; and she added, likewise, that she must now see a little of the world, and metamorphose me and my children after her own way.

Would you believe it, sir? I cannot say that I was wholly against all this, because I could not help feeling how much more comfortable it is to have five thousand pounds, than to be daily toiling to make up as many hundreds; but I declare, that if it had not been for this money, I never should have thought of becoming a man of fashion, for I had no other notion of such at that time, than that they were persons who required *long credit*. But to proceed.—The first step my wife took, was to dispose of our stock in trade, and this was easily done, at the loss of about three hundred pounds, for we were very precipitate; and the buyers, knowing that we could not for shame's sake keep our stock on hand, resolved to ease us of it in the gentlest way possible: and I may truly say, for the first time of my life, that my candles were burnt at both ends. This being over, my wife discovered that there was something very pernicious in the air of Whitechapel, and determined to leave the place. My lease had fifteen years to run, and I soon got a tenant who agreed to pay me less than I was obliged to pay the landlord; but this was nothing to a man who, by the sale of his effects, had added a pretty handsome sum to the above five thousand.

After much consultation, (for we found the whims of people of fashion come very naturally) we hired a house in one of the streets near Palace-yard, because it was only 100L a year rent, and was so *central* (as my wife called it) to the playhouses and the palace! By this you will learn, that she knew as much of the centre of the playhouses as she did about the circumference of our fortune. But here, however, we sat down, and a discovery having been made, naturally enough I must say, that the furniture of our old house was not proper even for the servants' rooms of our new one, we employed an honest broker, who furnished us completely, from top to bottom, with every article in the newest taste. We had carpets which it was almost heresy to walk upon; chairs on which I dared not sit down without a caution, which deprived them of all ease; and tables which were screened, by strict laws, from the profane touch of a naked hand.

Our discoveries had now no end. We found that tea was not so hurtful to the nerves when drank out of a silver teapot, and some how or other, the milk and the sugar derived certain new qualities, from being contained in vessels of the same metal. I had saved some pounds of my best candles from the general sale, as I thought I could use my own goods cheaper than if I bought them of a stranger, who would of course treat me like a gentleman. But, lack-a-day! my wife's lungs were immediately so affected by the smell of the tallow, that I was obliged to consign my wares, the work of my own hands, to the use of the servants, and order wax lights in their place.

You have now seen me removed from Whitechapel to Palace-yard, my house new furnished in a fashionable style, as handsome and as useless as money could purchase. I had hopes I might now be at rest, and enabled to pursue my old plans, and was one night stepping out in search of some friendly public-house,

where I might smoke my pipe as usual, and enjoy the luxury of talking politics, and eating a Welch rabbit; but no such thing could be permitted. What! a man of my standing smoke tobacco! Smoking was a vulgar, beastly, unfashionable, vile thing. It might do very well for Whitechapel, or the Tower Hamlets, but would not be suffered in any genteel part of the world. And, as for cheese, no cheese was fit to be brought to table but Parmesan, or perhaps little Cheshire stewed in claret. "Fie, husband, how could you think of tobacco and Welch rabbits: I am absolutely ashamed of you: at this rate we might as well have been living at Whitechapel."

To do my wife justice, however, as she deprived me of seeing company out of doors, she took care to provide me with a sufficient number of visitors. There were *Misters* and *Mistresses*, *Masters* and *Misses*, from all parts of St. Margaret's and St. John's parishes, none of which I had the smallest previous acquaintance with; but my wife always maintained, that seeing company was the mark of fashionable life, and things had proceeded now too far for me to raise objections. Indeed, one day drove another out of my head, and I began to be reconciled to fashionable life. I thought it mighty pleasant to have new furniture too good for use, and new acquaintances of no use at all; to drink wines which do not agree with one's stomach, and to eat of dishes which one does not know the use of. We had likewise our card parties, where my wife and I soon learnt all the fashionable games. How we played I shall not say, but we discovered, in no long time, that it was not *Whitechapel play*.

My two children, you may suppose, did not escape the general metamorphosis; the boy was dispatched to Eton school, to be brought up with the children of other people of fortune, but the girl was kept at home to *see life*, and a precious life we led. The morning was the most innocent part of it, for we were then fast asleep; and yet, sir, you cannot think how difficult it was to cast off old customs, for I frequently awoke at six or seven o'clock, and would have got up, had not my wife reminded me that it was unfashionable, and asked, "What must the servants think?"—Ay, sir, and even she, with all her new quality, would sometimes discover the old leaven of Whitechapel. One night, when a lady said she believed it would rain, my wife answered, perhaps it *mought*. Another time, on seeing a great man go to the House of Lords, although she had with her at that moment one of the first people of fashion in the Broad Sanctuary, she exclaimed, "There's a go!"

Pride, however, will have a fall. Grandeur must one day or other expire in the socket. My wife was now seized with a very strange disorder, the nature of which I cannot better explain, than by saying, that she lost the use of both her feet and legs, and could not go out unless in a carriage. This was the more extraordinary, because, when at home, or even on a visit, she never could sit a minute in one place, but was perpetually running up and down. She threw out broad hints, therefore, that a carriage must be had, and a carriage therefore was procured; but mark the consequences, two servants were added to our former number. To be sure every body must have a coachman and footman. Our business was now, to use our homely phrase, "as good as done," and what little the town left, was fully accomplished by a visit to Brighton, and another to Tunbridge.

Here is a blank in my history, which shall fill up no otherwise than by informing you, that I took the advantage of an insolvent act, and by the assistance of some friends, who did not desert me, when I deserted them, I am once more quietly set down in my old shop, completely cured of my violent fit of grandeur. I am

now endeavouring to repair my affairs as well as I can, but I cannot hold my head so high. They are perpetually asking me at the club, "What my t'other end of the town friends would have said in such and such a case?" and as I go to church on Sundays, I sometimes hear the neighbours saying, "Ay, there goes the man that got the prize."

THE ADVENTURES OF  
MONSIEUR DE JARDIN.

BY BOCCACIO.

The Count de Montalto sent Monsieur de Jardin, one of his gentlemen, to Naples, with five hundred pistoles, to buy horses; and, being arrived there, as he was standing the next evening in the gate of the inn, throwing his purse of gold from one hand to the other, he was observed by a young courtesan, who wanted neither wit nor beauty: the next morning she sent one of her spies privately to inquire who the object of her attention was, his business, and what other circumstances related to him, or could be of advantage to her design. Being informed of particulars whereon to found her plot, she dispatched one of her emissaries, a cunning gipsy, to acquaint him, that a lady of quality, and a relation of his, entreated the favour of a visit. The crafty decoy hovered at a distance till De Jardin came out; who, as was his custom, standing at the gate alone, she with a modesty as counterfeit as her innocence, asked if Monsieur De Jardin was within. "Yes, sweet girl," says he, "I am the person." "Signor," says she, "my lady commands me to let you know she has the honour to be related to you; and, if it is not too great a condescension, she begs you would spare half an hour from your more important affairs, and bestow it upon her." De Jardin was not much surprised at so obliging an invitation; for though he knew of none of his relations, who either bore the title of lady, or even lived in Naples, yet, presuming upon the comeliness of his person and good mien, he imagined it was some lady of quality who was enamoured of him, and with this pretence courted an opportunity to discover her passion. "Madam," says he, "I could wish myself worthy of so great a blessing as I now receive; and since a ready submission to your lady's commands is the best proof I can give of my zeal and affection to her service, I will this very minute pay my respects to her." De Jardin, without going into his lodging, went directly along with his guide, who led him through several cross streets and by-ways, till they came to the house, which in the front appeared fair and reputable; at the door a person attended, who conducted De Jardin into a room richly furnished both for pleasure and state. As soon as the lady was acquainted that Monsieur De Jardin was below, she descended with a portly and majestic grace; which, lest it should strike too great an awe upon her kinsman, she sweetened with an affectionate familiarity and respect. The wily courtesan spread her net so well, that his dull eye could not discover the least deceit; she displayed his pedigree with so much artifice, that his obscure family was now divested from one of the most noble houses of all Italy, of which she had the honour to be no inconsiderable branch; all which his pride and folly easily credited. Variety of discourse, with mutual congratulations for so happy an interview, had now spent a good part of the evening; when the lady was whispered in the ear, that supper was ready. She ordered it to be brought in; and though it was splendid and elegant, she courteously pretended to excuse it, as not good enough for so worthy a guest. Supper being over, De Jardin recollecting it grew late, and that he was a stranger to the streets,

was ready with a long harangue of thanks to take leave of so honourable a kinswoman. A profusion of compliments were mutually exchanged; when, taking him by the hand, "Nay, cousin," says she, "though I am sensible your reception has not been equal to your merit, yet I flatter myself that my house can afford you better accommodations than your inn; and if you rob me of your company to-night, you have not that esteem for me I am so ambitious of." De Jardin, whose better genius was absent, accepted the invitation.

It soon grew bed time; and De Jardin was attended to his apartment by the lady and two of her servants; who, after a solemn "Good night!" withdrew. As he was stepping into bed, the wine he had drunk began to rumble in his stomach; for it had been physically prepared for that purpose: he therefore asked one of the servants for a necessary convenience, and was directed into a little room adjoining: his business required haste. Boldly stepping in, a board, which lay purposely loose, gave way, and down he fell to the bottom. As soon as he had recovered himself from the fright, (for hurt he received none, except from what was transacting above) he cried out for help; but nobody answered, though he heard his kinswoman's voice very merry and loud: they were too busy in ransacking his pockets, where they found the prize they wanted, with bulk unbroken. In this distress, he discovered a wall which communicated with the street; this he endeavoured to scale, but with repeated slips mired himself over head and ears. At last, however, he succeeded, and found himself in the middle of the street. By the light of the moon he guessed at the house, and rung so loud a peal at the door, that a grim fellow opened window, and asked what drunken knave gave that unmannerly alarm? "I am, sir," says he, "the lady's cousin."—"Sirrah," says he, "you are an impudent liar! I know no such person. Be gone in time, or you will too late repent this saucy affront!"—The approach of the watch at this instant forced De Jardin to break off the dialogue, and secure himself. As he was looking for a place of shelter, he spied an open bulk, where, in the day-time, a cobbler and an herb woman kept their shop; into which he crept as far as he could, to conceal himself till the watch was gone by. Three fellows, who had that night designed to rob the tomb of a cardinal who had lately been buried in the great church, having hid their tools in this bulk, now came for them. De Jardin, hearing men talk, lay close; but one of them groping for the implements, and often complaining of a horrible smell, at last caught De Jardin by the leg. The surprise was equal on both sides; however, the fellow had the courage to pull him out, and examine what sort of a creature lay concealed there. De Jardin's shirt was so offensive, that they forced him to strip; for, considering he might be of use to them in their present design, and had possibly overheard some of their discourse, they compelled him to go along with them. Notwithstanding he was now as naked as he was born, to make him a more agreeable companion in the scheme, one of them thought of a proper remedy; hard by there was a deep well, with a long chain and a bucket at the end of it; hither they brought De Jardin, put him into the bucket, let him down into the well, and told him that as soon as he had washed himself clean, he must shake the chain, and they would draw him up. Whilst they stayed for De Jardin, the watch came, it being very hot, to refresh themselves with water, the only beverage that could be had at that hour. His companions were now forced to run and hide; and the watch laid down their cloaks and halberds, and drew up the bucket. De Jardin with a sudden spring leaped ashore, which struck such a panic upon them, that they fled,

leaving the pillage of the field, their cloaks and halberds, to De Jardin and his comrades. Having now joined company again, they went directly to the cardinal's tomb, and raised up the heavy marble: but a dispute arose who should go in. De Jardin would not. "No," says one of them; "won't you? but you shall: what did we bring you here for else?" They soon forced De Jardin to descend; and he reached them out the mitre and crozier, and pulled off the cardinal's gold fringe gloves, which were richly embroidered. He had heard them mention a diamond ring of great value; and this he slipped off, and put upon his own finger, to secure something in case of the worst.—They still bid him look for the ring; he told them he could find none; and they must come in, if they either suspected his honour or honesty, and look for it themselves. "I am sure," said one, "it was said he had a very rich ring; feel upon the other hand." As they were thus arguing the case, they heard a sudden noise in the church, which they suspected might be some of the officers: this frightened them so, that away they ran, and let the stone fall down, leaving poor De Jardin entombed with the dead cardinal. This was a misfortune a thousand times worse than any that had yet befallen: it was impossible for him to raise up the stone, and if he made a noise to discover himself, he would certainly be executed for sacrilege and robbing the dead; and to lie there and starve, or be poisoned with the stench of the corrupting body, was still more dreadful. It happened that the noise which frightened his companions proceeded from some persons then breaking into the church upon the same design: when they came to the tomb, they raised up the marble, strongly under-proped it, and began, like the others, to dispute who should descend. "What," says one of them, a bold fellow, "are you afraid the dead cardinal should bite you? Let me come!"

As he was letting himself down, De Jardin caught fast hold of his legs; the fellow, frightened out of his wits, cried out, "Help! help! the cardinal has caught me by the legs!" and struggling, got out, and followed his companions, who, every step they made, expected the cardinal would seize them. This gave De Jardin an opportunity of escaping. He immediately quitted the church by the same way as he had entered it; and, clothed with one of the watchmen's cloaks, walked about till morning, where he borrowed some clothes, and gave a terrible detail of his misfortunes—but not a word of the ring. That evening he left Naples, and set forward for France, without purchasing a single horse; and, though he had lost his money and clothes, he was in possession of a ring, the value of which at least balanced the account.

THE GLEANER.

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loses, and who wins; who's in and who's out;  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Louis XIV. took great pains to be informed of every thing that passed in public places, and in the houses of individuals, and to be acquainted with the secrets and connexion of families. He had spies of all kinds without number; several who were ignorant that their information went so far as to him; others who knew it, and some who had a direct communication with him by letters, which they conveyed by such channels, as he had pointed out. These letters were seen by no one but himself, and he always read them before he did any thing else. Some of these people were also admitted to his closet by a private staircase, and had secret audiences.

A secret committed to him was impene-

trable, and nothing cost his majesty less than to be silent and to dissemble; but at the same time he never told a falsehood. He piqued himself upon keeping his word, and on this account he seldom entered into any engagements. The secrets of others he kept as religiously as his own. He was even flattered by certain confessions, and marks of confidence, and neither his ministers, nor his favourites could ever draw any thing of that kind from him.

Among many other instances, may be mentioned the adventure of a celebrated woman of rank, whose husband having been about a year absent with the army, finding herself big with child, and fearing that her husband would arrive before she could be delivered, when no other expedient could be thought of, she begged a secret audience of the king, for an affair of the utmost importance. Having obtained it, she laid open her case to his majesty, who having advised her to profit by her distress, and to live more prudently for the future, promised to detain her husband in the camp, under pretence that his service was necessary, and so long that he could have no suspicion of the reason. The same day he gave orders to Louvois not to suffer him to be absent, even one day during the whole winter, from the post which had been assigned him. The officer, who was a man of distinction, and who had neither requested nor wished to be employed all winter, and Louvois, who little expected such an order, were equally surprised, but it was necessary to obey the king's letter, and even without asking the reason. The king never told this story till several years after, and until he was perfectly sure that it could do no hurt to the parties whom it concerned.

Father Massillon, an eminent divine, in the reign of Louis XIV. was not more distinguished for his talents, than for the singularity of his manners. Of the latter, absence of mind was a principal trait. The following may serve, in some degree, to characterize this singular personage—"Being on a journey in the North of France, and the weather extremely cold, he imprudently exposed himself by journeying in a severe storm of snow. At night he was taken with a slight sickness, called the *morbus ventris*. Concluding that he had taken cold, and wishing to pursue his journey the succeeding day, he ordered his host to prepare a tub of water, that he might bathe his feet and legs. The water was made ready, and, being a late hour, the domestics were gone to rest. None now remained but Massillon and the host, and the latter by the permission of the former, soon retired. But it was nearly fatal to the unfortunate Massillon. The bathing after some time, gave him ease, and being fatigued with his journey, and lost in a labyrinth of intense thought, he fell into a profound sleep. His legs were still in the water, which soon chilled, and when he awoke deplorable was his situation. The ice was four inches thick, and he alone. No person was near, nor any instrument, with which he could break the ice. He pulled—he groaned, (for his legs were frost bitten)—he hauled the tub around the room. Shame hindered him from bawling to the landlord, until the fear of death overcame his modesty. At last, opening his mouth, and giving vent to his misery, he exclaimed, "Me sauvez, me sauvez, grand Dieu!" save me, save me, great God!—The family alarmed, ran to his assistance, and thawed him out to his joy, and their no small diversion."

Chirac, the celebrated physician, when on his death-bed, felt his own pulse, imagining that he was on a visit to one of his patients, and cried out, "I have been called too late, the patient has been bled, and he ought to have been purged; he is a dead man," and a few minutes after he expired.

## THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd  
COWPER.

An interesting Occurrence in the Rhætian Alps; with the general Character of the Tyrolese.

By nine o'clock, I had walked upwards of twelve miles; and not perceiving the carriage, I gave myself up entirely to the pleasure of admiring the innumerable beauties which surrounded me, both in respect to botany and lithology. At every step I took, some curious plant or other attracted my notice; and the rocks were tremendous, shelving over on all sides. The different species of strata of which these rocks were composed, their extraordinary appearance, took up all my attention; and here and there I found their strata or beds, nearly perpendicular: it is, therefore, not to be wondered at, if I was insensible of the danger that threatened me, surrounded as I was by such a variety of natural curiosities, and in a valley which, all the way from the small village of Antlas, was so remarkably contracted by the shelving rocks on each side, that I could see only a small portion of the sky. I was, however, suddenly roused from my contemplations, by a whirlwind which carried clouds of dust along the valley, and covered me in an instant; the sky darkened, and large drops of rain fell with such impetuosity, that I took it for hail; while the thunder, rumbling at a distance, and re-echoed by the surrounding rocks, appeared to threaten immediate destruction. That moment was certainly the most awful I ever experienced: finding myself alone, and a perfect stranger in a country where I could but indifferently speak or understand their language, which is in general German, yet I still proceeded with hasty steps, not knowing whither I was going, or where to find an asylum. The tempest increasing, and the horrors accumulating, I gave myself up for lost, when, fortunately, I perceived a hermitage neatly cut in the rock, resembling a cave, sufficiently large to afford protection to the affrighted traveller. Those who have crossed the Alps will easily conceive that my fears were not imaginary, as they must have encountered similar danger, and know the fatal consequence.

Having precipitately entered the hermitage or cave, supposing quite alone, I was startled at hearing a sigh, which seemed to issue from the extremity of it; and, turning hastily, I saw a young woman at her devotions, seemingly supplicating an image which represented the Virgin Mary, and in the act of crowning it with a wreath of flowers, while a taper burned on each side of it. Whether owing to the unexpected surprise of seeing me, or because the image was beyond her reach, I could not determine; but she was obliged to give up the attempt. I ventured to approach and offer her my assistance, at the same time, fearing that I might alarm her, I explained in the best manner I could, the cause of my taking refuge in a place which appeared to be allotted entirely to acts of devotion. As soon as she had sufficiently got the better of her astonishment, she related an affecting tale, in terms full of candour and simplicity. She told me that her name was Anna: that she lived in the village of Sander, near the valley of Zargin; that she came every year to accomplish a vow she had made for her father's recovery, who was a miner, and had been taken from under one of the galleries, where he was at work apparently dead. She added, that she was fifteen when the accident happened, which was three years ago, and that she had never missed coming at the stated period. I was so enchanted with this good girl's simple narrative, that

I again entreated her to let me place the wreath of flowers on the Virgin's head; but she modestly declined, saying, that she expected her brother, who was gone to Zimerlehen, a village not far distant; that he had promised her faithfully to return before the tapers were expired; then, casting a wishful look at them, and heaving a sigh, she said, that she feared the storm had detained him, but that she hoped no harm would happen to him.

The thunder still continued rumbling over our heads in a most terrific manner; the flashes of lightning were more frequent, appearing incessantly as if crossing the defile, and nearly entering our place of refuge; while the rain, falling in torrents from the rocks, carried with it immense pieces of stone, which, from the velocity with which they fell, shivered into a thousand pieces, and added greatly to the horror of the scene. Anna, perceiving that the lights were nearly out, and that she should be prevented from accomplishing her vow, requested me, at last, to assist her in placing the flowers, which I had just accomplished, when we heard the approach of a carriage, which proved to be the one I expected. I had, however, the satisfaction of gaining some intelligence, from the post boy, of her brother, who had passed him on the road; I was, therefore, released from the painful necessity of leaving that poor and amiable girl by herself in so solitary a situation, which the storm rendered still more distressing.

The Tyrolese in general, as well as most of the inhabitants of the Alps, are not opulent, yet there are scarcely any poor among them. I have travelled through several of their valleys, which extend upwards of ten miles, and have not met with the least appearance of wretchedness.—Each individual cultivates his own land; and when that is not sufficient for the maintenance of his family, he has recourse to that industry and activity which is natural to them all; and endeavours to procure work in the mines, or different manufactures: if not successful, they quit Tyrol in the quality of hawkers, and convey into other countries the produce of their own.

Such are the little pleasurable barters of life, when life is governed by simplicity alone; and the estimation in which objects are held is only proportioned to their real utility. They are tall, strong, and robust, as mountaineers are in general; remarkably cheerful, with great mildness and honesty of character; but keen, with an uncommon share of natural understanding. They are Roman Catholics, and excessively devout, placing not only in the roads, but on their habitations, a number of images, according to the forms of their religion; yet the generality of them are not bigots, for they appear to esteem indiscriminately, all strangers who visit them, without attending to their different opinions on religion: like most mountaineers, they are particularly attached to their prince and to the country.

Whether we consider the inhabitants of this part of the world, or the country itself, a traveller will not find it easy perhaps to visit any spot where more circumstances concur to gratify a love of natural history, to enlarge the mind, or to interest the feelings.

## LITERATURE.

## NATIONAL GENIUS AND THE PHYSICAL EFFECT OF CLIMATE.

Whatever may have been the opinions of speculative writers, it seems pretty evident that Genius is not peculiar to any parallel of latitude. Not only the Antipodes, by the antœci of our globe may be as dissimilar as the inhabitants of the tropics and polar circles. But it is yet unsettled how far the minds of a people may be affected by climate. Some

that it any way operates on the intellect. Authorities are strong on both sides; and the truth, most probably, lies between: for, though it must be allowed that moral causes are of great weight in this matter, to deny the co-operation of nature would be unphilosophical.

A negro and a Laplander do not differ more in the shape and colour of their bodies, than they do in the turn and complexion of their minds; and that the different forms of their minds depends on the configuration of their organs, we can no more doubt than that this organization is varied by the climate.

Montesquieu is supposed to have failed only in this point. He is for resolving every thing into physical principles.

The Abbe du Bos, whose reflections, though generally ingenious, are frequently more specious than solid, carries this matter to a ridiculous length. As he could not but allow that England had produced great poets, without any sensible alteration of climate, he accounts for it by the change of diet. The great intercourse of trade, says he, hath furnished it with foreign wines, fruits, and spices, whereby it participates of the genius of warmer climates. How ridiculous the observation! But since he went so far into nature, 'tis a pity he had not gone farther, and shown us, why change of diet should operate so powerfully on Poetry, and not on Painting.

Mr. Hume, takes the side of the question opposite to both these: he denies that climate can at all affect the understanding; though he allows that it may the will.—But with all deference to so celebrated a writer, the granting so much is virtually giving up the whole. For all the difficulty is to conceive, that climate operates on the mind. However, this accurate genius abundantly proves, that too much is attributed to climate, and therefore perhaps it was, that he pushed his principle too far.

Sir John Chardin, (in his description of Persia) differs from all these writers. He says that the temperature of warm climates, enervates the mind as well as body, and dissipates that fire of imagination necessary for invention. In such climates they are not capable of that tedious study and intense application, which produce the works of arts both liberal and mechanic. It is to expect the arts and handicrafts in their highest perfection.

The truth of the matter seems to be this: Genius depends on the animal spirits, and fine texture of the organs: and that both are influenced by soil, food, air, and heat, is more than probable. But then, it is not a degree or two more north or south, that can make any perceptible difference.—There are extremes: but where the region of genius begins or ends, is impossible to determine.

The variation of genius is sometimes estimated by the degrees on the meridian. But is not this a very false method? Even climate itself doth not depend on mere distance from the line. The nature of the soil, the minerals it is lined with, the contiguity to lakes and seas, the interposition of woods and mountains, make strange and considerable alterations.—We see what the draining of marshes did in Italy and England; and the cutting down of wood in America. So that latitude is but one of those many ratios that compound the momentum of climate. Every thing should be allowed its due force: and authorities are then admissible when supported by reason and fact.

Can any thing be more absurd, than to suppose that mere physical causes wrought such contrary effects on the adjoining countries of Attica and Boætia, as to render the Thebans gross, heavy, and stupid, but the Athenians quick, lively, and apprehensive? especially when it is considered, that Boætia was one of the best parts, and Attica the very worst of all Greece. Surely the warmest advo-

cate for the influence of climate, will not attribute to it such omnific influence!

Besides, Boætia was originally the most noted part of Greece for genius; it was therefore made the seat of Apollo and the Muses. Cadmus must even doubt about the country of Homer, yet we are certain that it was Boætia gave birth to Pindar; not to mention Plutarch, and others inferior to him.

Was it the influence of air that made that striking contrast between the Attic and Laconic genius? Or was it the meek and rigid spirits of Solon and Lycurgus, that infused into one of these republics the love of simplicity, war, and agriculture; but into the other, politeness, learning, and the arts?

It is well known that the Lydians were the most warlike race in Asia, till they were subdued by Cyrus. Was it the change of air that rendered them effeminate and pusillanimous? Or was it their conqueror who corrupted their manners, in order to rivet their chains.

Genius then, we find, is of such a subtle and fugitive nature, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to fix it; we can arrange it under no general law: there is no principle we can assume that will not fail us. If we assign warmth of climate, we will soon find it necessary to change our mind, if it is considered that the greatest geniuses have been under the most lowering skies

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

Brooks.

## LONDON THEATRES.—Nov. 5.

*Covent Garden.*—A new farce, called the *Irish Tutor*, the production of the Earl of Glengall, was brought out at this theatre on the 29th ult. It is founded on a French piece; the story of which is briefly as follows:—An elderly gentleman applies to Dr. O'Toole, requesting him to become the tutor of his son, offering two hundred a-year. The doctor from illness is obliged to decline the offer, and sends a letter for that purpose. His servant O'Rourke, suppresses the letter, and, tempted by the proposed salary, assumes the character of his master, and enters upon the office. His ignorant blunders, and his tricks to conceal them, constitute the leading features of this dramatic sketch, which is so intrinsically amusing, and is so well supported by the performers, that the audience have reason to regret that it is altogether so short, as, with the same ingenuity which appears in the translation, it might easily have been expanded into two acts, and have been rendered what is styled a stock-piece.

Mr. Macready, who has been passing the theatrical vacation in traversing the classic field of Italy, experienced a severe attack of fever in consequence of visiting the cold and damp excavations of Herculaneum, during an extremely hot day. Though recovered from all the danger of the attack, it left behind a degree of debility which it was feared would not be entirely removed till he breathed once again his native air.

Mr. Sherwin, the comedian, who is said to have so just a conception of the characters played by the late Mr. Emery, is engaged at Drury-lane. He has never appeared on the London boards.

The new Drama of *Ali Pacha*, now acting with so much success at Covent-garden Theatre, was presented to the managers by Mr. Howard Payne, who is now in Paris; and the only share in the piece to which Mr. Planche is entitled is a few trifling alterations, which stage expediency required, and which could not be supplied by the author, on account of his absence.

A negotiation has been on foot for some time past with Sinclair, but it is greatly to be feared that the receipts of the best conduct of our theatres would not enable the manager to meet the demands of this gentleman. Mr. Sinclair, it is said, requires a permanent engagement at thirty guineas a night, with an understanding that he shall perform three times each week.

Mr. Blood, the gentleman who, under the assumed name of Davis, recently made his *début* with so much credit at the Haymarket theatre, in the character of *Macbeth*, is engaged at Covent-garden, and will shortly make his first appearance there.

A Miss Lacy has made a successful *début* at Covent-garden, as *Belvidera*, and has since sustained several of the principal characters in tragedy with great eclat.

A young gentleman, whom report states to be Mr. Mason, the nephew of Mr. C. Kemble, made his first appearance in London, at Covent-garden theatre, as *Young Norval*; and Mrs. Clifford, from the Haymarket theatre, made her first appearance on these boards as *Lady Randolph*. The former possesses the advantage of a good person, and a countenance well adapted to the stage. He also manifested in some scenes, and especially in the last, an approach towards the higher intellectual qualifications, which alone can give due effect either to the charm of poetry or the enthusiasm of passion. Mrs. Clifford possesses a good figure, and a perfect knowledge of the stage; her voice, also, is powerful and melodious. Her performance may be ranked in the most respectable class.

*Portrait of Shakspeare.*—Talma, the French tragedian, has in his possession a portrait of Shakspeare, which he purchased of a broker in France, and he has determined on bringing it to England. The painting is in oil, upon a pannel of an oval form, which is inserted in the centre of a piece of wood that once formed the upper part of a pair of bellows, the lower part of which, together with the nozzle and leather, are lost. On each side of this piece of wood, and attached to the edge, is a pair of carved wings. Around the surface close to the edge, and in one line, is rudely carved, in letters rather more than half an inch in length, the following verse:—

Who have we here,  
Stuck in those bellows,  
But the Prince of good fellows,  
Willy Shakespeare?

Directly over the portrait these lines are also carved:

“O! base and coward luck,  
To be so stuck.—Pains.

And immediately under it are the following:

“Nay, but a god-like luck’s to him assigned,  
Who, like the Almighty, rides upon the wind.”

The portrait is said to bear a strong resemblance to the wood cuts in the old folio edition of Shakspeare’s works. It is in excellent preservation, and represents a man about thirty years of age, with auburn hair, gray eyes, a remarkably high forehead, mustachios, and a sharp-pointed beard; a florid complexion, and a fine expressive countenance, full of sweetness, smiles, and affability.

*Dramatic Anecdote.*—In the year 1781, the opera-house at the Palais Royal, Paris, was burnt down, and the violence of the conflagration was so great, as to threaten the whole pile with destruction. The Parisians were inconsolable on the loss of their magic world; till it struck the fancy of a porter, who was sitting on a cart loaded with the dresses and properties of the theatre which had been rescued from the flames, to put on his head the helmet of Alexander the Great, or some other hero of antiquity, and to throw an imperial mantle over his shoulders,

and thus equipped, brandishing the thunderbolts of Jove in one hand, and waving the petticoat of a nymph in the other, to cause himself to be drawn about the principal streets of the city, accosting all he met with some new stroke of humour. The fellow with his buffooneries raised such a general laughter, that the fire, the danger, and the damage, were presently forgotten; and the next day the ladies wore ribbons and silks couleur de feu d’opéra.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### MEMOIRS OF MAGLIABECHI.

Anthony Magliabechi, who died at the age of eighty, was celebrated for his great knowledge of books. He has been called the *Heluo*, or the Glutton of Literature. His character is singular; for though his life was wholly passed in libraries, being librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, he never wrote himself. There is a medal in which he is represented sitting, holding a book in his hand, with a great number of others scattered about him. The inscription round this medal signifies that it is not sufficient to become learned to have read much, if we read without reflection. This is the only remains we have of his own composition that can be of service to posterity. A simple truth indeed, but one that should be inscribed in the study of every man of letters.

His habits of life were always the same. Ever among his books, he troubled himself with no other concern whatever. Although he lost no time in writing himself, it is supposed he gave considerable assistance to several authors who consulted him. He was the editor of various works, and when he died, left his vast collection of books for the public use.

M. Heyman, a celebrated Dutch professor, has given us the following amusing description of our erudite librarian.

When he was at Florence, he did not fail to pay his respects to this great man, who was considered as its ornament. He found him amongst his books, of which the number was prodigious. Two or three rooms in the first story were crowded with them, not only along their sides, but piled in heaps on the floors; so that it was difficult to sit, and more so to walk. A narrow space was contrived indeed, so that by walking sideways, you might extricate yourself from one room to another. This was not all; the passages below stairs were full of books, and the staircase from the top to the bottom was lined with them. When you reached the second story, you saw with astonishment three rooms, similar to those below, equally full; so crowded that two beds in these chambers were also crammed with books.

This apparent confusion did not, however, hinder Magliabechi from immediately finding the books he wanted. He knew them all so well, that even to the least of them it was sufficient to see its outside, to say what it was; and indeed he read them day and night, and never lost sight of any. He ate on his books, he slept on his books, and quitted them as rarely as possible. During his whole life he only went twice from Florence; once to see Fiesoli, which is not above two leagues distant, and once ten miles further by order of the Grand Duke. Nothing could be more simple than his mode of life; a few eggs, a little bread, and some water were his ordinary food. A drawer of his desk being open, Mr. Heyman saw there several eggs, and some money, which Magliabechi had placed there for his daily use. But as this drawer was generally open, it frequently happened, that the servants of his friends, or strangers who came to see him, pilfered some of these things; and, I suppose, preferred the money to the eggs.

His dress was as philosophical as his

repasts. A black doublet which descended to his knees; large and long breeches; an old patched black cloak; an enormous hat, very much worn, and the edges ragged; a large neckcloth of coarse cloth, begrimed with snuff; a dirty shirt, which he always wore as long as it lasted, and which the broken elbows of his doublet did not conceal; and to finish this inventory, a pair of ruffles which did not belong to the shirt. Such was the brilliant dress of our learned Florentine; and in such did he appear in the public streets, as well as in his own house. Let me not forget another circumstance: to warm his hands he generally had a stove with fire fastened to his arms, so that his clothes were generally singed and burnt, and his hands scorched. Excepting all this, he had nothing otherwise remarkable about him. He was the best man in the world, (says Mr. Heyman) and was extremely polite and affable to strangers. He possessed a singular memory, and it is somewhat uncommon that as he was so fond of literary food, he did not occasionally dress some dishes of his own invention.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.  
CAMPBELL.

### ON THE VULGAR ERROR OF A CAT’S SUCKING A CHILD’S BREATH.

An article lately appeared in a Newport paper, in which it was gravely stated that a cat had been discovered at that place sucking a child’s breath, and that the cat’s mouth was actually in that of the child. We had frequently heard before of stories similar to this, but we always regarded them as originating in the credulity of the narrators, and as having no other foundation than what has been taught of an *incubus*, or nightmare, pressing the breath out of the body—a vampire sucking the blood—a serpent fascinating its prey—or a cat, who at times had the faculty of becoming a witch, having the same power over birds. On mentioning the circumstance to an intelligent and highly respectable friend, and requesting him to turn his attention to the subject, he almost immediately furnished us with the following statement, containing facts which came under his own observation, and which, in our opinion, completely refutes the vulgar notion entertained by the common and unphysiological part of mankind; while it explains, on rational principles, what was formerly thought by many an inexplicable or mysterious circumstance:

I have (says our informant) for sometime had a very large cat, which, in consequence of being kindly treated, is gratefully fond of me. If he finds he cannot repose himself in my lap, when I am writing, he mounts on my shoulders and sings remarkably sonorous. If I lie down on the sofa, he seats himself on my breast, and seems affectionately pleased. But I soon find him too heavy to remain long in that position; for his weight, like a nightmare, (or *night-horse*) prevents the freedom of respiration; and has fully satisfied me, that the weight of a cat on any child’s breast would soon suffocate the child, not by sucking the breath out of the lungs, but by preventing the air from entering fully into those vital organs, from the cat’s weight impeding and finally destroying the dilatation of the thorax.

How indeed is it possible, for so small an animal as this feline domestic, to inspire with such force and quantity, as to suck the breath out of a child’s body, or to suck so powerfully as to prevent the inspiration of a child? It is not possible. The suffocating effects of a cat on the thorax of a child must, therefore, be explained differently.

As difficulty of respiration, and a deficiency of vital or oxygenous air, will produce symptoms of suffocation, so a cat’s

weight and breath must necessarily injure respiration, when the cat seats himself on the child, with his nose to the child’s face. The reason why suffocation soon follows, in such a case, is, that the child is debilitated by every insufficient inspiration it inhales: consequently, every breath it draws, it is less able to inspire, till it can inspire no longer. Choke any animal for one minute, and the whole strength will be destroyed; or, let one respire, for half a minute, air that has no oxygen, and he will be unable to help himself. Strangulation and choke-air so instantly destroy strength and vitality, that persons who have had the curiosity to lay their necks across a close line, to try the effects of the former, would have perished, had they not been instantly relieved, though their intentions were to have lifted their neck off the line as soon as they found they were in danger of suffocating. Those persons, also, who have entered cellars full of carbonic acid gas, arising from liquors in a state of fermentation, have lost all power of escaping, on inhaling this suffocating air; because choke-damps and irrespirable airs are deprived of the due quantity of oxygenous gas, which is the cause of animal heat and vitality.

I hope this explanation will be sufficient to remove the vulgar error of a cat sucking a child’s breath; and that a cat is inspired by an evil spirit to do so. This, however, may teach us not to suffer cats to repose on children, or adults, lest they should be induced to repose also on an infant’s breast, and suffocate it by gradually destroying the ability of respiration.

C\*\*\* B\*\*\*.

## RISE AND PROGRESS OF GARDENING.

### No. V.

We shall now inquire into the means adopted by the Horticultural Societies to promote their art.

The London Society owes its origin, in some measure, to T. A. Knight, Esq. of Downton Castle, its President. This gentleman began so early as 1795 to send papers to the Royal Society on grafting and other horticultural subjects. Finding a congenial mind in the President, and some of the fellows, a sort of private Horticultural Society was formed in 1805, and finally incorporated by royal charter in 1809. The charter states the object of the society to be the improvement of horticulture in all its branches; empowers it to purchase funds to the annual value of £1000, and to make and alter by-laws, &c. The society has held meetings and read papers from 1805; a volume of their transactions appeared in 1812, a second in 1818, and a third in 1820. In 1817, the society became occupiers of a small garden near Hammersmith; and they have a much more extensive one in contemplation. They have corresponding members in almost every part of the globe, from many of whom they have already procured seeds and plants. They have also sent a gardener to India and China to collect and bring home in a living state plants of the finer oriental fruits. The society distribute gold and silver medals as premiums, as well to amateurs as to practical gardeners. Practical gardeners, it is to be observed, are admitted as Fellows at a more moderate rate than amateurs, and those who are not admitted as fellows, if deemed eligible, may be admitted as corresponding members: thus the society consists of about three parts of amateurs, and one of practical gardeners.

The Caledonian Society originated from a Florists’ Society, which existed in Edinburgh from 1803. It enlarged its views and became the Caledonian Society in 1809. Its objects are the same as those of the London Society; but it embraces also some branches of domestic economy unnoticed by the former, such as the management of bees, and the manufacture of British wines. It also extends its views to planting. It has published three octa-

vo volumes of memoirs, the last in 1819. Its members are classed similar to those of the London Society; it has procured, or is about to procure, an experimental garden, and it distributes gold and silver medals. Three-fourths of its members are practical gardeners.

The two principal writers in the Transactions of the London Society, are Mr. Knight the president, and Mr. Sabine the secretary, and the chief value of these volumes consists in their being the depositaries of the essays and dissertations of these gentlemen, particularly of the former. Mr. Knight's papers are, in general, the details of the results of ingenious experiments, explained on physiological principles, and they tend to establish, in a more striking point of view than was ever done before, the important uses of leaves in the vegetable economy—of light—of the relative application of light and heat in forcing; and of the most scientific mode of raising new varieties of plants and fruit trees. Mr. Sabine's are chiefly technical or descriptive. One or two other contributors, as Mr. Salisbury, W. Williams, of Pitmaston, and Mr. Carlisle, have treated their subjects physiologically as well as practically, after the manner of Mr. Knight; and the majority of the rest of the papers are descriptions of new varieties of forcing-houses or other objects used in gardening; of fruits, culinary vegetables, or ornamental plants, or successful modes of cultivating them.

With the exception of certain anniversary discourses, by Dr. Duncan, and some papers by other medical men, and Sir G. McKenzie, almost all the memoirs of the Caledonian Society are by practical gardeners, and relate to improved modes of culture, or new tools or engines of gardening. No writer seems to take the lead; and none seem to blend, in any very useful degree, theoretical with practical knowledge. The Scotch Memoirs, therefore, are perhaps still more inferior to the London Transactions in merit, than in bulk and price.

The medals distributed by the London Society have been chiefly presented to patrons of gardening, rather than to practical gardeners. Those of the Caledonian Society have been confined almost entirely to practical men; and the objects selected have been judiciously chosen.—In general, they are not papers on subjects, but actual specimens of horticultural and ornamental productions, not to be produced incidentally, but at stated periods, and in competition with the whole Society, and as many other gardeners as choose to become candidates. This operates as a stimulus to exertion, and the consequence is, that such a number of excellent productions are brought forward at the periods of showing, that the judges feel it difficult to decide; and, in order to reward merit duly, are often obliged to give secondary, and even third rate premiums for the same production. One point for which they have advertised premiums merits particular approbation; it is for the general neatness and order of gardens. This is an excellent plan, and likely, with the judicious distribution of premiums, to make complete practical gardeners, and to ensure to Scotland her established character in that particular.

We have but little room to speak of ornamental gardening, in which much improvement may also be made by simplifying the modes of culture, acclimating tender species, and improving the popular varieties. The total number of exotics, hardy and tender, introduced into England, appears to be 11,970, of which the first forty-seven species, including the orange, apricot, pomegranate, were introduced previously, or during the reign of Henry VIII.; 533 during that of Elizabeth; 578 during the reign of the two Charles's and Cromwell; 44 in the short reign of James II.; 298 in that of William and Mary; 230 in that of Anne; 182 in that of George I.; 1770 in that of George

II.; and no fewer than 6756 in the reign of George III.

*Museums, Public Libraries, Learned Societies, &c. in Paris, in 1822. No. V.*

The special schools of the Belles Lettres, and of languages, are,

1. *Collège Royal de France* (Royal College of France.) Here mathematical sciences, chemistry, natural history, politics, ethics, ancient or oriental languages, poetry, and French literature, are taught by men of the greatest merit and celebrity, most of whom are members of the Institute. At the opening of the course of lectures, there is an annual meeting, in which several of the professors pronounce orations.

2. *Ecole spéciale des Langues Orientales vivantes* (Special school of the living eastern languages.) Already noticed in our account of the Royal Library.

3. *Cours d'Archéologie* (Course of Archaeology.) During five months in the year, the keeper of the antiquities and medals gives lectures on antiquities, numismatics, and gems.

4. *Hospice Royal des Quinze-Vingts*: (Hospital for the Blind,) was founded so long ago as 1260, by St. Louis. Here are maintained 420 blind persons, most of whom are taught to do something towards their support; 120 out of this number are young persons, and are formed into a school, called *Institution des Jeunes Aveugles*. Among the different employments in which they are engaged, is a cloth manufactory.

At the séance, or public meeting, blind persons, both men, women, and children, may be observed to read, write, count, print, and perform on their different pieces of instrumental music. The mode by which they read is by feeling the letters, which are purposely raised on a card; and this they do with such rapidity, that it is difficult on hearing them to discover their misfortune. Blind women teach their children to read, who are not afflicted with this calamity.

There is a manufactory of steel carried on in the building, in which the blind turn the wheel; they also make whips, writing cases, purses, and paper toys of all sorts, which are sold for their private emolument. There is likewise a press or printing machine, in which the whole process is performed by the blind; and it is said, that books published by them are more than commonly correct. The women knit, sew, and perform other kinds of needlework; and all of them either sing, or perform on some instrument. They often join in a numerous concert.

*Institution Royale des Sourds-Muets*, (Establishment for the Deaf and Dumb.) The celebrated Abbé de l'Epée, a name never to be pronounced without veneration, was the first man who formed a system of instruction for the deaf and dumb, which he published in 1776. He experienced its success during the space of twenty years; during which time he had surrounded himself with all the deaf and dumb he could assemble. That respectable man employed his fortune in clothing and maintaining most of those unhappy beings; and all Europe has witnessed his talents, his constancy, and his success. At his death, which happened in the month of December, 1789, the Abbé Sicard, his pupil, took his place as instructor, and some benevolent persons undertook to maintain the deaf and dumb. At the end of January, 1791, the national assembly granted to that establishment the site of the Celestins, and founded an hospital for twenty-four children with a pension of 350 francs for each child. Soon after the number of children gratuitously admitted was augmented to a hundred and twenty, and their pension increased to 500 francs.

During the time of their living in the institution, which is five years, the pupils of both sexes are clothed and maintained;

they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and drawing. Any parent who can afford to pay a pension of 500 francs for his child, may send him to this establishment. To satisfy the public curiosity, the institution is open to visitors once a week, from eleven till one o'clock, every month, except from the 19th of August to the 22d of October.

It is impossible to be present at one of the public lessons given by the Abbé Sicard to this unfortunate class, without being penetrated with the liveliest emotions of compassion, anxiety, and respect. Compassion and anxiety for the immediate objects of the institution, and respect for its classical, humane, and scientific director. Such have been the labours of the immortal Abbé de l'Epée, and of his successor, the Abbé Sicard, that they have initiated a very considerable number of these afflicted members of society into the arcana of mental communication, without the aid of speech, and by certain signs can carry on a conversation with them upon any subject. They have gone farther—they have taught several the use and application of grammar, and brought them to comprehend perfectly, by the mere effects of mechanical operation, the signification of the whole language. They have even taught some to read and pronounce aloud any sentence written for them, but, as may be expected, the pronunciation not being imitation, and being wholly *unheard* by the person who utters, is incorrect. This sort of pronunciation is the effect of a compelled mechanical exertion of the organs of speech, produced by the Abbé's placing his lips and mouth in certain positions, and appearing to the scholar to make certain motions, necessarily brings forth a sound, more or less like that required. The degree of force which it is necessary the scholar should apply to pronounce distinctly any word, is regulated by the Abbé's pressing his arm gently, moderately, or strongly! The whole art is curious and highly interesting.

**SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES  
FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.**

*Fine Arts.*—George IV. is said to have expressed a wish that a museum should be erected in England, to contain works of Art, and to which the public shall have free and reasonable access. The British sovereign has been a collector of pictures for many years, and the chambers of Carlton Palace exhibit some splendid specimens of all the Flemish and Dutch masters, and the most choice and admirable pictures painted during the bright era of the Italian school. These, numerous as they are, the king it is said will freely contribute, together with the matchless Cartoons, by Raphael, at Hampton court, the Two Misers, in Windsor Castle, and a good selection from the palaces at Kensington, Hampton Court, and Windsor, in addition to his own. The plan is to be carried into effect under the direction of a committee of taste, and a power given to that committee, by parliament, with a grant of certain funds, in order that no opportunity of enriching the collection by purchases (either abroad or at home) may be lost. Chambers are to be erected to contain the Elgin and Phygalian marbles, and all the rare works of art now in the British museum, so that the whole of these treasures may be seen at once.

*Rome.*—The Lake Frecino, which has always been so destructive to the surrounding country, has undergone great changes during the summer. The excessive heat has caused the waters of the lake to decrease daily, and they have retired above fifty feet from their former limits. The Frecino has for these twenty years past constantly encroached on the surrounding shores. The sinking of its waters has exposed to view various urns

and sarcophagi, some of Terra Cotta, and others of stone. Among them there is one of white stone, which attracts the attention of the amateurs. This sarcophagus is of one piece, nine and a half palms long, four and a half broad, and five high. The inscriptions are still covered by the water.

*Milton.*—In a note to the sixth sonnet in Warton's edition of Milton's Poems, is the following passage: "In 1762, the late Mr. Thomas Hollis examined the Laurentian library at Florence, for six Italian sonnets of Milton, addressed to his friend Chimenti, and for other Italian and Latin compositions, and various original letters, said to be remaining in manuscript at Florence. He searched also for an original bust in marble, supposed to be somewhere in that city; but he was unsuccessful in his curious inquiries." The bust, which is of the purest statuary marble, and in the most perfect state of preservation, is now in the possession of Mr. Stanley, of old Bond-street. The poet is habited in the Italian costume of the time, and appears about thirty years of age. His countenance is represented in a very masterly manner—"severe in youthful beauty." The hair is parted from the forehead, and hangs down in flowing locks to his shoulders, as he describes Adam's—

"Hyacinth locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad."

It may be presumed that it was executed for his illustrious friend, Baptista Manso, and it fully justifies the complimentary lines addressed to Milton by that Nobleman—

"Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mōs, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verum hercule Angelus ipse fōrēs."

*Thorlakson, the Icelandic Poet.*—One of the finest specimens of Icelandic poetry extant is said to be the "Ode to the British and Foreign Bible Society," composed by the Rev. John Thorlakson of Boëgisa, the translator of Milton's Paradise Lost into his native tongue. Of this ode there is a Latin translation by the learned Icelandic Professor, Finn Magnusson. A spirited English version has also appeared. Thorlakson is a venerable old man, and holds church preferments to the amount of six pounds five shillings per annum, out of which he allows a stipend to a curate. His residence is thus described:—"The door is not quite four feet in height, and the room may be about eight feet in length by six in breadth. At the inner end is the poet's bed; and close to the door, over against the window, not exceeding two feet square, is a table where he commits to paper the effusions of his Muse."

*Extraordinary Productiveness of the Orange Trees of St. Michael's.*—The oranges of St. Michael are celebrated for their fine flavour, and abundant sweet juice; when left to ripen on the trees, they are inferior to none in the world. The lemons have less juice than those of some other countries, and the demand for them is inconsiderable. The orange and lemon trees blossom in the months of February and March. At this time, the glossy green of the old leaves, the light, fresh tints of those just shooting forth, the brilliant yellow of the ripe fruit, and the delicate white and purple of the flower, are finely contrasted with each other, presenting one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. The trees generally attain the height of fifteen or twenty feet. The usual produce of a good tree, in common years, is from 6000 to 8000 oranges or lemons. Some instances of uncommon productiveness have occurred; a few years since, 26,000 oranges were obtained from one tree, and 29,000 have been gathered from another. These quantities have never been exceeded.

## MINERVA MEDICA.

*Rheumatism.* The sulphate of Peruvian bark, dissolved in camphorated julep, if taken in doses of six grains three times a day, is said to be a certain cure for rheumatic pain in the face, even if approaching to tic douloureux.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## ITALIAN LETTERS No. I.

LORENZO TO HONORIUS.

Avignon.

You know, my dear Honorius, that I left my country in the pursuit of happiness, hoping that my heart, which at home was vacant and miserable, might be beguiled from its sorrows, by the wonders of foreign countries.

When I was young and inexperienced, I viewed the world as a scene of perpetual and unfading judgment. To my infant eyes it was as a fairy wonder, pregnant with delights, though ever tasted, yet forever new. I was a stranger to its woes; I was a stranger to its horrors:—the glitter of the exterior hid from my sight the bitter elements of which it is composed. Pleased with it as it was found, I felt little disposition to scrutinize into its varieties of light and shade. I longed for the independence, and all the prerogatives of manhood, that I might enter without restraint into its manifold pleasures. I formed an enthusiastic idea of the delights of disinterested affection, and of the bliss that attends upon the conjugal state. Such were the impressions of my sanguine boyhood!

But when I entered into man's estate, I looked in vain for these imagined joys. The clamorous pursuits of mankind, their cold and selfish views, and the little interest they take in the noble virtues, surprised and disgusted my mind. What seeming pleasures I did find, palled my senses in the enjoyment. I sought for a proper object with whom to ally myself for life, in whom I would see a character fraught with every thing that was elevated and fascinating, that on her I might rest the affections of my fervent heart. But I could discover no such character, and the fibres of that heart, which were extended forth to embrace an object congenial with it, shrank in the disappointment; and its ardour, its confidence, and its happiness, became altogether extinct. I found that I had been deceived. The veil that covered my eyes was suddenly withdrawn, and I beheld all the congregated miseries of human life. This discovery inflicted upon me a dreadful sense of pain, more acute than falls to the lot of the generality of men; and I am left to mourn over those miseries,—over the unhappy desolation of my early hopes. I have endeavoured to root out of my bosom, the grief and despondence that overload it, and to place in their stead a sternness and fortitude; but the effort has been vain, and, sensitive of woe, but not of joy, those feelings will, I fear, occupy it for ever alone.

I sought also to enjoy the refined and delicate pleasures of friendship, but it was long before my wish was gratified, and my search for a friend attended with no success. You know, however, Honorius, that I met with you, and that this fugitive desire of my heart was at length accomplished. With you I have formed a union of the most affectionate regard. To yours, Honorius, I have bound my heart. But yet, my friend, the world is too cold, its loneliness is too great, to suffer me to repose in the calm sunbeam of friendship. Shall I avow it, Honorius? I continued to feel a solitude and dreariness, and found it impossible to fill my heart. I left Italy, my country, to search for something that could assuage the anguish which then excruciated—which alas! yet torments me. The variety of scenery, the novelty of incident, the cu-

riosity of nature and art, which a life of change perpetually discovers, will, I hope, lead me from the master passion of my heart, the passion of grief. That they will administer to my bosom the sweet-scent of tranquillity.

In the evening of my life, the occurrences and observations of my manhood, will serve as an aliment for reflection. Now there is nothing to counteract the influence of solitude and loneliness—then, the scenes of my earlier life will, I hope, present materials to occupy my mind, and to entertain my aged heart.

It is my intention, Honorius, to communicate to you a history of every thing that I see, and every thing that I feel—for I deem it as one of the essentials of friendship, that one can pour his sorrows in the hope of sympathy and alleviation. That he can unfold before his friend the secrets, the passions, the emotions, the sufferings of his heart.

Your counsel, my dear Honorius, I will receive with gratitude. Calculated by your superior discernment to see the most appropriate conduct, you are every way qualified to direct it. I will treasure up with care the advice that you may give. I will resort to it. I will view it as the miser does his hoards. In the various conditions in which it shall please destiny to cast me, I will recur to your communications with pleasure, and doubtless with profit. They will serve as the representative of their original, and in his absence will tend to allay the misery of separation.

Think of your friend! Recall at times the memory of Lorenzo, who is far from you, tossed perhaps on the agitated billows of the sea, or the more frightful billows of the land. If you see in his conduct errors to condemn, point them out—not with the severity of a master, but the kindness of a friend. If you see in his character aught that is estimable, dwell upon it with frequency, that the ligaments which bind me to Honorius may become stronger and more durable.

My letter will reach your hands, but I alas! must bid you adieu.

## THE NATURALIST'S DIARY.

TO BE CONTINUED MONTHLY.

## FOR JANUARY, 1823.

JANUARY, youngest of the monthly train, with icy fingers now handles all the wardrobe, and turning to ice the liquid elements; even our breath is held in starry crystals on the window's glass, obstructing light from our fast closed dormitories.

Summer has fled, the autumn is gone,  
Winter has seized on the year;  
The empire of reason still holds its own,  
Still wisdom and science are dear.

What is to be done in this cold month? I will tell you:—In the southern states, where the earth is not frozen deeply, dig up the kitchen-garden, laying the mould in high sloping ridges, that the frost may kill all the earth-worms and destroy their eggs. Besides, it will open the pores of the soil for the admission of the air, rain, and dews, which abound with nitrous salts, and contribute greatly to its fertility. In the middle and eastern states, continue to carry manure to such grounds as need it, and spread it. Repair fences, and rub out and clean all your seeds for spring planting. Get your garden and field tools in good order, and purchase if you cannot make, such others as you may want. Cut from the woods pea-rods and bean-poles; dress and point them, so as to be ready when wanted. It is bad economy to let your pease trail on the ground for want of rods, they will not produce one third as many as if properly trained. Every intelligent gardener will find employment enough in these short days in the various departments of the garden, and may greatly serve himself and his employer. It is the ambition of most gardeners to excel each other in the produc-

tion of early cucumbers, lettuce, &c. All the necessary preparations for these should be made in this month, by preparing dung for hot-beds in which to raise the plants as they require the aid of artificial heat under shelter of frames and glasses, until the middle of May in the eastern and middle states. By the aid of hot-beds, defended with frames and glasses, we can have cucumbers fit to cut in February, March, and April, and ripe melons in May and June. The short prickly cucumber is the best sort for an early crop; and the long green prickly the best for general culture.

There are several varieties of early melons. The cantelope is one of the best for its handsome growth, good size, and superior flavour. The true kind of cantelope, or Armenian warted melon, is scarce in the United States. Its fruit is roundish, deeply ribbed, a little compressed at both ends, the surface full of warted protuberances, the flesh reddish, and of a most delicious rich flavour. Those we have in this market by that name, are a mixture of the musk-melon and cantelope, and frequently further mixed with the nutmeg. Melons of different varieties degenerate by being planted together, or near each other. The Polignac, the nutmeg, and Minorca, are fine melons, and may all be cultivated in this latitude.

There is one fact, relating to the seeds of melons not generally known. Those seeds of three or four years old are the best; the plants will show fruit sooner, and not run so much to vines as those from new seeds. Seeds may be improved by carrying them in the waistcoat pocket some weeks before planting, if new. These remarks apply equally to the hot-bed and field culture.

Hot-beds for forcing asparagus, may be made in this month, which will be fit for the table in February, and March;—observing that you must be furnished with plants that have been raised in the natural ground till they are three, or four years old; and of size and strength sufficient to produce good shoots, when planted in a hot-bed. You must be provided with plenty of good hot dung, wherewith to make substantial hot-beds from three to four feet high, and with large frames and glasses to place on the beds, and garden mats for night covering.

Examine the cauliflower plants, which you raised and planted in frames last fall for protection in winter, to plant out early in spring, for an early summer crop. Pick off any withered leaves, and stir the earth gently; in mild open weather let the plants have abundance of air by raising the glasses. In severe weather, cover the glasses with mats or straw; and if there is a heavy fall of snow, you may keep them covered for some days with it, which will protect the tender plants from frost. In mild dry weather, the glasses may be taken off every day for some hours, but must be kept closed during night. This is a good time to sow a full crop of early cabbage seed. The early smyrna, early york, sugar-loaf, and battersea, may be treated in the same manner as cauliflowers. See also some of the large kinds, as the flat-dutch, drum-head, &c.; some of the red pickling cabbage also. The plants from this sowing will be fit for use in July and August, and will produce better and larger heads than those late sown. Recourse must be had to hot-beds, if you desire early radishes, in this climate. Any time in this month, make a moderate hot-bed for one or two frames, about two and a half feet deep of dung, sufficient to produce the early germination of the seed, and forward the plants without running them up into long-shanked, useless things. When the bed is made, lay on about six inches of good garden mould, and then sow some of the best early frame, or short-topped radish seed, and cover it an inch thick with light mould, and put on the glasses. When the plants appear, give them a good share of air; support a

gentle heat when it declines, by applying moderate lining of hot dung.

There are a great many things which the good gardener and intelligent husbandman can find to do in this month, which may improve the mind and add weight to the purse; they give consequence, and generally happiness to the possessors. I hope every reader of the MINERVA may have an abundance of every honour, comfort, and enjoyment, consequent on virtuous industry; and that every succeeding New-Year may find all our readers enjoying as great a share of civil and religious liberty as they enjoyed during the preceding year.

New-York, Jan. 1st, 1823.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XL of the MINERVA will contain the following articles.

POPULAR TALES.—*Edric of the Forest, a Romance.*—*Macleod of Dunvegan, a Scottish Trait.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Picure of Modern Venice.*

LITERATURE.—*Ancient Education in England.*

THE DRAMA.—*The Citizens, a Dramatic Sketch.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Canova.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Winter in Spitzbergen.*—*Eclipses in 1823.*—*Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*—*Natural History, &c.*

POETRY.—*Marcus Curtius, by Myrene, with other pieces.*

GLEANER, RECORD, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. The following articles are on file, and will receive due and prompt attention:—"The Suicide," and "To Laurent," by Laurence; on Tooth-ach, by the same; "Winter," by J. T. G—z; and "Lines to H. S. S." by I.

## THE RECORD.

A string of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

A meeting of the printers and booksellers of Philadelphia has been called, for the purpose of sending a delegation to attend the four hundredth grand anniversary of the invention of the art of printing, to be held at Harlem, in Holland, in 1823.

Specimens of Tourmalin and Beryl, found at Paris, Maine, have been deposited in the Museum at Portland.

Arrangements are making in Boston to light several public places and stores from Gas obtained from Oil. Gas lights obtained from coal, are now in operation at Baltimore.

Mr. Nichols, of Providence, Rhode Island, has invented a spring seat, intended for stages, carriages, &c. which is calculated to relieve the passenger from the uncomfortable cushions now in common use.

The Meteor, which arrived last week from Liverpool, has on board 2000 bushels of Baltic wheat, and the Magnet, which sailed in company for this port, has on board 4000 bushels.

## MARRIED,

On the 26th ult. Mr. Harvey White to Miss Sarah Jennings.

On the 7th, Mr. Clark Hammond to Miss Cornelia Ann Beckman.

On the 25th, Mr. James Elsey to Miss Anne Maria Besher.

On the 23d, Mr. Thomas T. Storm to Miss Jane Varick.

Mr. Daniel McShane to Miss Elizabeth Riley.

Mr. Wm. McDougal to Miss Hannah C. Lane.

Mr. Lemuel Webb to Miss Ann Post Blauvelt.

Mr. James Lewis to Mrs. Rhoda Rosehill.

Mr. Jeremiah Miller to Miss Eliza Slight.

Mr. John McCleary to Miss Ann Jones.

On the 25th ult. Mr. Martin Hogan to Miss Rose McCully.

Mr. George H. McCord to Miss E. M'Beth.

Mr. Thomas Newell to Miss Eliza Costigan.

## DIED,

On the 20th ult. Mrs. Susannah Gillihan, in the 84th year of her age.

On the 30th, Mrs. Catharine Slosson.

On the 26th, Mr. John Andrew Baisley, aged 78 years.

Mr. Samuel E. Gruman, aged 32 years.

Mrs. Charlotte Irving, aged 46 years.

Mr. William Forsyth, aged 20 years.

Mr. James Chapple, aged 33 years.

Mrs. Mary Putnam, aged 21 years.

## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

ADDRESS  
TO  
THE PATRONS OF THE MINERVA.

January 1st. 1823.

The circuit of a rolling year,  
Has seen our pleasant duty done;  
And, mindful of its bright career,  
We would retrace our moments gone:  
Our have not been an idle class;  
Behold the glittering pageant pass  
O'er recollection's wizard glass,  
Which shows the treasures they have won.  
  
Twas theirs with potent skill to give  
Romance and Truth, entwined by Taste,  
To bid the moral lesson live  
More lasting, thus adorned and grac'd;  
From Science' liberal stores they drew,  
Whate'er was rich, and rare, and new;  
And playful wits' light frolics too  
They spurn'd not, when correct and chaste.

Nor have they mark'd the fall or rise  
Of civil feud, or party grade;  
Nor will the censure of the wise  
The choice condemn, the aim upbraid,  
To animate to private worth,  
To feed the springs of blameless mirth,  
And leave the madmen of the earth  
To others than the ATHENIAN MAID.

The contest for official gain,  
Peace-scoring rumours' lying tale,  
And fierce discussion would profane  
The leaves where Wisdom should prevail;  
Yet when the poet strikes his lyre,  
There may he, with exulting fire,  
Hences to battle-deeds inspire,  
And bid them lawless power assail.

Columbia gave the first alarm;  
First taught to rend a tyrant's yoke;  
Now, with the fire of freedom warm,  
See struggling Greece her sons invoke;  
And see—they rush from far and near  
The insulting crescent to unsphere,  
Whose pride the base and craven fear  
Of Europe long hath learned to brook.

And o'er the broad West-Indian waters  
Spon may Columbia's squadrons sweep;  
Repay the lurking pirates' slayments,  
And drive the robbers from the deep!  
Such be the deeds, that ere the sun  
His annual course again has run,  
By valours steady efforts won,  
Shall praise from wondering nations reap.

And ye, OUR PATRONS! who have given  
A fostering influence to our toil,  
As o'er the field the dews of heaven  
Awake the vernal season's smile—  
For you we form the grateful prayer,  
And promise, with undying care,  
We still will spread a feast as fair  
From wit and learning's classic spoils.

And ever will applaud the flight  
Of native Genius, when he tries  
To scale Fame's bold empyrean height,  
And soar along these untried skies—  
Where few are now,—which soon must be  
Filled with their splendid galaxy,  
Who strive for bright supremacy,  
And claim the hallowed laurel prize.

And still MINERVA's guardian name  
Shall be to us a guide assigned,  
Her sex's trophies to proclaim,  
In industry and love refined;  
And tell how oft to beauty's power,  
To those sweet charms that all adore,  
They add the intellectual store,  
The higher appanage of mind.

THE PULPIT ORATOR.  
A parson, whose enchanting grace,  
Voice, action, manner, figure, face,  
Prov'd him whoso'er he preach'd, a beau,  
And made his reverence—quite the go;

Having once given out the text,  
Had lost his sermon—strangely vex'd,  
He hemm'd! and cough'd!—twas all in vain;  
He could but hem! and cough again.  
To own the case, and so come down,  
Would spoil his credit with the town;  
'Twas full as dangerous to stay,  
Because he knew not what to say:  
Meanwhile, his flock with expectation,  
Sat open-mouth'd, for his oration.  
At length he ventur'd to advance,  
Trusting to bronze, address, and chance.

Now, through each aisle his voice resounds;  
Now, 'tis confin'd to mod'rate bounds.  
Of ands, and ifs, he forms a jingle;  
While soft expressions sweetly mingle:  
And see, to charm as much the sight,  
The handkerchief of snowy white;  
While ev'ry attitude convinces,  
His dancing master was the Prince;  
Now rais'd on metaphoric wing,  
He neatly shows—his diamond ring;  
And on the clock his eye oft glances,  
To see how far his task advances.  
His audience sate, with hush'd attention;  
Each pos'd, beyond all comprehension.  
They knew, the preacher must be clever;  
Of that, they had no doubt whatever;  
Therefore maintain'd they sat too near,  
Or too far off, a word to hear;  
Yet, in one judgment, all combine—  
"The sermon was extremely fine!"  
Of course, each confidently knew,  
The fault was only in the pew;  
And went away resolv'd to find,  
Next time, a station to his mind.  
With graceful step the priest descends,  
And gravely bows to all his friends;  
Who smile returns of approbation,  
For his most charming declamation!

Thus—when you've once procur'd a name,  
Act as you please—'tis all the same.

## THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

O ye valleys of ice, and ye frost-girt fields,  
How pure is the rapture your atmosphere yields:  
All my soul seems to mount on the breezes of morn,  
And no sound is so sweet as the hunter's shrill horn!

Ye sons of pale sloth, in your chambers of rest,  
Unknown 'mid the circle that nature loves best.  
Away to your taper, your tables, and toys,  
But ask not, and think not, of life's highest aim!

How dear is the path that conducts to my shed,  
When the wild fowl is torpid, and daylight is fled;  
And how blest is the day-beam that bids me awake,  
And repair to the forest, the mountain, or lake!

Hark! the thunder of battle now breaks on my ear!  
'Tis the signal of bliss to the young Mountaineer!  
Adieu, native mountains, my hamlet, adieu!  
The hills of the stranger now rise to my view!

The trumpet of victory thrills on my soul,  
And I'll follow the sound to the furthestmost pole:  
Then up and away with the dawning of light,  
My arm is for freedom—each nerve in the fight!

Ye tenants of heather, of mountain, and fen,  
Ye pursued and pursued, ye victims to men,  
I leave ye awhile to your own native shades,  
To your rocks and your rivers your hill-tops and glades!

Unerring my arrow, full swift was my spear;  
'Twas glorious to follow the wild boar and deer;  
Thrice glorious the thought in the war-field to roam,  
And bring back a trophy to welcome home!

Fare thee well, lowly shed, fondest hope shall be thine,  
And the prayer of the grateful shall ever be mine;  
In the triumph of battle the boom will swell,  
Though a sigh may enshrine the young hero's farewell!

Pure Nature has watch'd o'er my darling of bliss,

And she bids me rejoice in a moment like this:

One look more I'll give to the pathway no dear,

Sweetest Eileen! remember the young Mountaineer!

## THE STAGE COACH.

Resolv'd to visit a far distant friend,  
A porter to the Bull and Gate I send,  
And bid the slave at all events engage  
Some place or other, in the Chester stage.  
The slave return'd, 'tis done as soon as said—  
"Your honour's sure, when once the money's paid."  
Thy brother whip, impatient of delay,  
Puts to at three, and swears he cannot stay—  
Four dismal hours to come ere break of day  
Roused from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length I rise,  
Yawning with outstretch'd arms, and half-closed eyes.  
By steps and lantern enter the machine,  
And take my place, how cordially! between  
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,  
To mend the matter, too, of meager folk;  
Whilst in like mode, jamm'd in, on t' other side  
A bullying captain and a fair one ride;  
Foolish as fair, and in her lap a toy,  
Our plague eternal, but her only joy.

At last, the glorious number to complete,  
Steps in my landlord, for the bodkin seat,  
When soon by every hillock, rut, and stone,  
Into each other's face by turns we're thrown.  
This Gran'mam scolds, that coughs, the captain swear's,  
The fair one screams, and has a thousand fears;  
While our plump landlord, train'd in other lore,  
Sleeps at his ease, nor is ashamed to snore  
And master Dicky, in his mother's lap,  
Squalling brings up at once three meals of pap!  
Sweet company! next time I do protest, sir,  
I'll walk to Dublin, ere I'll ride to Chester.

## ODE TO A FIG.

WHILE HI: NOSE WAS BORING.  
Hark! bark! that pig—that pig! the hideous note,  
More loud, more discordant, each moment grows—  
Would one not think the knife was in his throat?  
And yet they're only boring through his nose.

Thou foolish beast, so rudely to withstand  
Thy master's will, to feel such idle fears!  
Why pig, there's not a lady in the land  
Who has not also bored and ring'd her ears.

Pig! 'tis your master's pleasure—then be still!  
And hold your nose to let the iron through—  
Dare you resist your lawful sovereign's will?  
Rebellious swine! you know not what you do!

To man o'er ev'ry beast the pow'r was given;  
Pig, hear the truth, and never murmur more!  
Would you rebel against the will of heaven?  
Thou impious beast, be still, and let them bore.

## THE MAGNIFICENCE OF WINTER.

I love the Summer calm.—I love  
Smooth seas below, blue skies above,  
The placid lake, the unruffled stream,  
The woods that rest beneath the beam;  
I love the deep, deep pause that reigns  
At highest noon o'er hills and plains;  
And own that Summer's gentle rule  
Is soothing, soft, and—beautiful.

Yet Winter, in its angriest form  
Has charms,—there's grandeur in the storm;  
When the winds battle with the floods  
And bow the mightiest of the woods,  
When the loud thunder, crash on crash,  
Follows the lightning's herald flash,  
And rocks and spires and towers are rent,  
'Tis startling, but—magnificent.

## Epigram.

LATIN FOR COLD.  
The Latin word for cold, one ask'd his friend;  
It is said he—'tis at my finger's end.

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Desire not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Charades in our last.

CHARADE I.—May-Pole.

CHARADE II.—Ear-ring.

## NEW PUZZLES.

## CHARADES BY A LADY.

I.  
When ancient Rome's proud legions took the field,  
A martial race, unknowing how to yield,  
My first appear'd, and, heedless of the stain,  
Bore the fierce hero o'er th' ensanguin'd plain;  
And when return'd with fame's bright laurels crown'd,  
To aid his triumph, still was faithful found.  
My next, alas! can no such honour claim,  
But A'rice gives the praise denied by Fame;  
He with its shining produce fills his chest,  
Nor bears the thorns it plants within his breast.  
My whole unknown to Avarice or Fame,  
On Beauty's list seeks to enrol its name;  
Blushing it asks protection of the fair,  
But let each maid th' insidious foe beware;  
Nor think its tints can'er a charm impart,  
To win or keep one wav'ring lover's heart:  
Let mental beauty faded bloom supply;  
That chains the heart, while this scarce strikes the eye.

## II.

My first is a blessing to Adam's frail race,  
Yet they often repine at the sight;  
But past a long season, its absence they'll mourn,  
Nor in bower, grove, or meadow delight.

By my next, once a rude and importunate throng  
Resolv'd their dissensions to end;  
To this they applied all their softening arts,  
But their purpose it scorn'd to befriend.

My whole, gentle shepherds, you joyfully hail,  
When Sol's golden radiance declines;  
But not, when the dew of the morning arise,  
And his beam on your lattice first shineth.

An emblem of beauty behold in my form,  
Or, Hogarth, thy maxim's untrue:  
A pledge too, of sacred forgiveness and love,  
The pious will thankfully view.

## CHRONOLOGY.

## A. D. The Christian Era.

428 Death of St. Augustine during the siege of Hippo.

431 Third ecumenical council, at Ephesus, against Nestorius: who was condemned and deposed.

433 A great fire at Constantinople, during three days: reduced a part of the city to ashes.

— Treaty with Attila and Bleda, leaders of the southern Huns: 700 pounds of gold granted them yearly.

— The Huns afterwards subdued the northern nations, and sent ambassadors to China.

434 Attila, King of the Huns, excited by Honoria, sister of Valentinian, to invade the western empire.

435 Peace with Genseric, King of the Vandals.

— Peace between Guadricarius, King of the Burgundians, and Atius.

436 The French attacked by the Goths under their King Theodoric.

— Narbonne besieged, but relieved.

437 Marriage of Valentine with Eudoxia, daughter of Theodosius, at Constantinople.

— Sicily and several other islands ravaged by the Goths; 8,000 of them defeated by Atius.

— Hermeneric, King of the Suevi, dangerously sick, declared his son Rechila, King in his stead.

— Publication of the code of laws by Theodosius.

438 The Franks had now certainly a footing in Gaul, after the expedition of their King Clodio, who seized Cambrai, and the adjacent country.

439 Carthage and several towns in Africa seized by Genseric.

440 Litorius, hitherto successful against the Goths, defeated and taken prisoner by Theodoric.

441 Theodosius made war on the Vandals.

— The Roman territory invaded by the Persians, Saracens, Zannians, Isaurians, and Huns.

— They were obliged to make peace by Anatolius and Aspar.

— Death of Hermeneric, King of the Suevi, after seven years of sickness.

— He was succeeded by his son Rechila, who seized Betica, Seville, and Carthagena.

442 Peace between Valentinian and Genseric.

— Thrace and Illyria laid waste by the Huns.

— Theodosius purchased peace with money.

— Death of St. Cyril, bishop of Alexandria.

445 War in Spain.

— Vetus, general of the Romans, attacked Betica, and the inhabitants of Carthagena.

— He was repulsed by the Suevi and the Goths.

446 Fire, pestilence, famine, and earthquake, at Constantinople.

— The Scots and Picts attacked the Britons, who, in vain, demanded assistance from Rome.

447 All Europe wasted by Attila.

448 Eutychius condemned for heresy in a council at Constantinople.

— Death of Rechila, King of the Suevi, succeeded by Rechiarus.

449 The Anglo-Saxons invited to Britain, as auxiliaries against the Scots and Picts.

450 Eudoxia, the Empress, retired to Jerusalem.

— Death of Theodosius.

— Accession of Marcianus, who espoused Pulcharia.

— Dreadful famine in Italy.

— Fathers and mothers reduced to eat their own children.

451 Attila, stiling himself the Scourge of God, overran and ravaged France.

— Actius, aided by Theodoric, King of the Goths, and Meroveus, King of the French, obliged him to raise the siege of Orleans, and gained a great victory in the plains of Châlons, in Campania.

— Attila, not discouraged, celebrated games in Thuringia, and soon attempted new inroads into Italy.

— Fourth ecumenical council at Chalcedon.

452 Revolt of the inhabitants of Alexandria against the Emperor.

— They stopped the transportation of grain to Constantinople.

— Attila was constrained by Actius to quit Italy.

— He was defeated in Gaul by Thorismond, King of the Goths, with an immense slaughter.

— Beginnings of the city of Venice by people fleeing from the barbarians to the little islands for safety.

— Thorismond, King of the Goths, put to death by his brothers.

— Edict of Marcian, that those who were made consuls, should pay a certain sum to be employed for repairing aqueducts.

453 Death of Attila.

— The empire of the Huns fell at his death.

454 Sicily ravaged and seized by the Vandals.

455 Valentian killed at the instigation of Maximus, whose wife he had seduced.

## THE MINERVA

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